ON THE RIVER.

Come let us take a row upon the river 1 The sun is up, the morn is cool and clear-Along the stream our light canoe we'll steer While far and near the wavering shadows shiver,

Upon the water's breast; and murmuring ever.

The music of the ripples we thall hear From shady shallows, as our boat draws near:

While overhead the sunbeams dance and quiver.

Then come, shove off! Our bark's afloat once more,

With steady stroke we shoot into the stream-

Look !-- in our wake the waters brightly gleam

As we glide onward. Lightly dip your oar! And now beneath the shadows of the shore We drift along in silence, like a dream. Iy up into Roy's ears. "The devil has wor

CRUSADER.

A snowy March day. Outside the clouds pouring out their white, biting Denzel, full of bitter thoughts and pitiwhich hurls them maliciously against been! the faces of a little group of women, who walk quickly along through the try roak he walks, through the deep furious storm. Inside, warmth and snow, keeping in the little path unwitcomfort in the houses of the rich; the tingly; walking on and on though a pair sparkle of ruddy coal fires in the grate; of fine horses are champing and stampsoft-cuskioned chairs, brilliant with glowing silk, and woolen tidies; foot- for a dash over these same country stools of dainty handiwork, indolent roads with their master's hand upon the women in warm cozy corners deep in ribbons. On and on; and at last after the latest novel, and indolent men, crossing a crazy old bridge thrown over cards in hand, with a bottle between a narrow rocky chasm of sixty feet or them, which grows lighter and emptier more, he gains a cross-road. He does as the moments fly.

chill cutting winds, the snow, ankle the fence; but he does so, and at last, deep in the slush of the city's thorough- after another quarter of an hour, he fares, the little band of women, brave and noble, pass on their way, intent on a holy crusade against vice and evil.

Inside, the card-playing goes on. The bottle is empty at last, and by the flushed, heated face opposite him, Roy Denzil knows that it is not alone the loss by panion's forehead; that it is not the miserable run of luck that clinches the fists until the cords throb under the feverish skin; knows this, yet smiles under his silky, blonde mustache as he pronounces the bottle empty.

"No emptier than that!" says the young man opposite holding aloft a netted purse, the work of fair, loving fingers, finished but a month ago. As he says it, he looks at the shining silken mesh, and his fevered thoughts rove back to a third-story lodging in the heart of a distant city, where lives his sister and mother, who are even now dreaming dreams of a bright future this painfully earned money-the savings of three hard years of labor-shall bring to them; this same money that is emptied upon the little card-table in the club-house, and which is quietly swept into Roy Denzil's pocket after he has lit a costly Havana.

"God help me!" moans the lad, who has lost his first money upon cards. "So bad as that?" asks Roy, indo-

lently. " 'Bad as that.' Can anything be

white and shapely as a woman's-and kisses it raptuously. "Little fool!" says Roy, snatching it from him angrily.

"Fools speak the truth sometimes, and the angel are battl ng within you.

let the angel have the mastery?" "That depends," is all the answer he

The clock above the mantle rings out four hasty peals. Outside the snow comes dashing against the pane and pile up a white rift in every corner. It will be dark soon, and the chandelier will be ablaze with lights. Meanwhile-----"How is it my friend?" comes timid-

"The devil has won," he answered,

with a sneer. "Wrong is so much stronger than right, now-a-days. Goodnight, my boy," and he leaves him to dash out into the darkening streets. Along a grand avenue walks Roy

little tormentors into the raging wind, ful fancies. Ah, what might have

Along the avenue, out on the couning impatlently in their stables at home not comprehend that he has turned to All this indoors; and still, out in the | the right and found a bridle path near stands before a brilliantly lit mansion.

> here for? Has the devil won after all?" Tap, tap, tap.

"Good evenin' Massa Roy! Gracious, but I'se glad to see yah! Come in, come in. Misses am in de pahlah, and Missy gambling that is drawing the purple | Marjorie am in de libraree," says the veins into strong relief upon his com- old ebony familiar-Roy's nurse when and, giving the beast rein, he lets her he needed one; but now promoted to be carry him on and on through the imhis mother's haif servant.

"Thank you Uncle Ned: I'll go to the library. Miss Marjorie is there you say?"

"Iss, massa. Done come wisiting a fortni't agone," says the garrulous old negro.

Roy passes through the long, richlycarpeted hall, where he used to run riot in the days of early boyhood, but which of late years knows him no more; and, reaching at last a certain door he pushes it softly open and enters the quiet, unlighted room. The flames of the firelight flickers about as the door opens and closes, disclosing the face of a girl, whose eyes gaze almost mournfully into the fiery chasms between the bars of the grate.

"Marjorle!" and a tenderness thrills in the voice that calls her name.

She rises with a quick cry, and stands before him.

"Good-evening, Mr. Denzil," she says, after a moment's pause, cool and calm as the marble bust behind her and

In a moment he is beside her as she vously near him-a bejeweled hand as enters the library.

"Royal Denzil, I implore you not to go away from here to-night! I feel a horrible presentiment-what it is I cannot tell! Oh, Roy, stay! You are not Mr. Denzil; listen to me. The devil | fit to ride to town to-night! Stay with us Roy, dear Roy!"

But the wine is his master, and he knows not what he does save that there is a fierce exultation in feeling that he is opposing her wishes. Finding that he does not heed her, she leaves him and runs out through the yard, which is black as ink, to the stable, where the groom's lantern, swaying about like a yellow, unsteady star in the still falling snow, makes the surroundings more gloomy

"What beast are you getting out for Mr. Denzil?"

"Prince, Miss Marjorie," looking round-eyed at her bare head and dainty figure abroad in the storm. "Prince is well enough when Mr.

Denzil is sober; but to-night saddle my own horse, Regan, and bring her around. Mr. Denzil is too drunk to see a difference;" which unvarnished truth she leaves to astonish the groom as it may, as she whisks back with icypowdered curls and limp little silk wrapper into the front hall.

And Roy is ready to go. A dreamy smile, with which the wine-spirit lit up his handsome features, has changed to a glance that is horrible to the little maiden who stands at the door to see him off!

"Good-night little Prim; won't you kiss me once before I go?"

Her lips touched obediently the fevered brow bent low for her caress; for a presentment of coming danger is strong. He gets into his saddle and is "Great Heaven! What have I come away. Down the long rutty lane to the cross-road. A sharp jerk on the left bridal-rein brings Regan into the highroad, and away through the darkness she gallops-straight for the crazy old bridge that lies half a mile beyond.

Two feet beyond him Roy cannot see; penetrable drizzle of snow; over ruts and ridges, now down through a gully, now up over a snowy bank. On, and on, and on; and at last, with a loud snort, Regan stands still, stiff-kneed, immovable, in the dreary, penetrating snow-fall.

"Curse the beast" ejaculated Roy, cutting her sharply with his riding whip. "Go on Prince! Get up! You won't, eh?" he shrieks, in drunken fury, cutting the delicate flanks until they quiver with pain.

Sharper and sharper descend the blows from the now infuriated man, and still firm as a rock stands the tortured animal. Only a low whine, almost human comes from her as the cruel lash cuts her once glossy brown, but now red and lacerated sides.

Roy works himself into a beastlynay, it were better to say human-passion, and wreaks all his ill-feelings upon the patient, dumb brute beneath him.

At last a little glimmer of apprehension breaks upon his dazed brain; he dismounts as best he may, and creeps along the ground feeling cautiously before him.

A Distinguished Hero.

In New York Major general Hancock and his son, Russell, called to pay their respects to General Harney, and General Hancock laughingly reminded him of an incident in which his son and General Harney figured. A few years ago General Hancock and his little boy called upon General Harney in a western town, and while there an Indian of conscious triumph. came to pay his respects. General Harney while talking with him was toying with a plece of string, and litile Russell Hancock, having read of his penchant | reins she cried: for hanging red-skins, said pleadingly

"Please don't hang him, General; but then, if you do," he added, a smile of expectancy lighting up his boyish face, "give me his bow and arrows, won't you?"

A reporter had a long and pleasant chat with the general, who when he rose, towered considerably above his visitor, his height being six feet three inches, and his figure still erect and soldierly. He injured his leg a few weeks ago, and is a little lame, but treats the matter lightly. 'He spoke with modesty about his exploits. "You ard Sinclair 1 You little thought, last are not a graduate of West Point, gen-

eral?" "No. I was born at Haysborough, near Nashville, Tenn. Down there the boys indulge in athletic sports, and as a rule grow up to be pretty strapping fellows. When I was a young man I went to Baton Rouge to visit my brother, and met General Jesup, then colonel of the First infantry, and afterwards quartermaster general. One day he said to me: "Young man, how would you like to have a commission in the army?" I said: "First rate, general." and thought no more about it. A short time afterward on came a commission for me a lieutenant in the regular

army, and thats how I happened to be a soldier. "How many wars have you served in,

general?" "Oh, I don't know," laughed the general, "I don't care to talk about my own services,"

"Let me see," said Mrs. St. Cyr. The general was in the Seminole war in Florida, in the Black Hawk war, in a war with the Sioux, in which he fought a bloody battle at Ash Hollow on the Blue Water, in the Mexican war and in the late civil war. The general, you know, was the hero of the Seminole war, and hanged thirteen of the hostile chiefs, which ended it. Billy Bowlegs used to say: "If Harney catch me. me hang; if me catch him, he die.' It was the general who captured the hill of

Cerro Gordo, but he never boasts of his own achievements." Subsequently General Harney spoke kindly of the Indians, and told how he came near hanging an Indian agent for swindling them. "They all know me," said he, adding with laudable pride,

"and if to day there was an outbreak among the Sioux I could go to them alone and stop it, for they would listen to me. There's no trouble getting along with the Indians if they are treated kindly. It's a shame that they should be swindled as they frequently are. I

black eyes, she would have deferred her ride forever.

Gay and smiling, Grace stepped into the carriage, and they were soon dashing along the smooth road, drawn by the proud-stepping bays. On their way they passed Howard Sinclair, whose honest face clouded over with pain and anger as he beheld the Italian's evil face, bending over Grace, with a look

Grace suddenly perceived that Tubare was driving toward an unfrequented part of the woods, and, seizing the

"Mr. Tubare, what does this mean? Where are you taking me? This is not the road to the Park! Turn back, sir, I command you!" A wild, mocking laugh was less only

answer; and obeying the voice of their master, the beautiful bays sprang forward with lightning speed.

Turning to the terrified girl, who sat speechless by his side, Leonard hissed through his clenched teeth:

"Ah, ha! I have you now, my birdie! Think you I would consent to see you led to the altar by that miserable Hownight, of the unseen intruder, hidden by the folds of the damask curtains ! Ha, lady! Knowest thou, I am Ferdinand, King of Spain, and thou shall be my Isabella ! Here is our palace. My Queen, alight," and as Gracie, utterly incapable of action, moved not, the madman seized her, and bore her quickly into the old, deserted house, which had long borne the name of the "Haunted Grange."

Relieved for a moment from his magnetic influence, Grace rushed wildly up stairs, in the vain hope of finding a hiding place. At last, crouching down behind an old arm-chair in the garret, she tremblingly awaited the return of Tubare.

"His wife! Rather death than such a fate !"

Tubare soon re-entered the house, and with hoarse cries and wild imprecations commenced a search for the trembling girl, who, half dead with fright, lay concealed in the garret.

Not many minutes elapsed ere Tubare, with a shout of demoniac triumph, dragged Grace from her hiding place. and, touching a spring in the wall, disclosed to view a narrow aperture, leading to a flight of steep stone steps.

Quickly descending them, he at last reached a cell, in which he placed the unconscious girl, and left, after having, with insane cunning, removed every article with which she might defend herself

We left Howard Sinclair gazing after the carriage which contained all he held dear on earth-Grace Allison.

As he stood there, a gentleman hurried across the street, and, in an agitated voice, said:

that immoral means will ever intercept "Allow me to ask you what may good ends. seem a strange duestion. Are you acquainted with the lady in the carriage which has just passed? You will unof true refinement of feeling to respect derstand my motive when I inform you antiquity. that the dark-eyed man by her side is an an extravagant man grows poor by escaped lunatic from the B-asylum 1 seeming rich. 1 am Dr. Balston."

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Poverty of the soul is worse than that of fortune.

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

A foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

Have not thy cloak to make when it begins to rain.

Take care lest your tongue should cut off your head.

He has the greatest blind side who thinks he has none.

In love, as in war, a fortress that parleys is half taken.

If you trust before you try, you may repent before you die.

It is vanity to desire to live long, and not to care to live well.

He has riches enough who needs neither borrow nor flatter.

Disputations leave truth in the middle and party at both ends.

A straight line is the shortest in morals, as in mathematics.

A man displeased with the world is never satisfied with himself.

We are all frail but do thou esteem none more frail than thyself.

Use every man after his desert, and who should 'scape whipping?

Youthful rashness skips like a hare over the meshes of good counsel.

Don't open your purse too hastily or too wide, nor your mouth either.

Do not wait to strike till the iron is hot, but make it hot by striking.

The most dangerous of all flattery is the inferiority of those about us.

The sufficiency of thy merits is to know that thy merit is not sufficient.

To gain wealth does not make us. happy; to lose it makes us miserable.

A good reputation is like an icicle--if it once melts, that's the end of it.

Veiling our faces we must take silently the hand of duty, and follow her.

Until the vine-leaves of youth are faded, who knows their value or sweetness?

Pride is increased by ignorance. Those assume the most who know the least.

No great characters are formed in this world without suffering and selfdenial.

There are times and circumstances

They who, for every triffe, are eager

The history of all the world tells us

It is one proof of good education and

A miser grows rich by seeming poor;

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than

labor wears, while the key often used

to vindicate their character, do rather

in which not to speak out is at least to

worse?" comes in hoarse echo from the youth of twenty years.

"Surely," says Roy, looking at him with a tinge of surprise in his fine gray eyes; "surely you will not miss these few hundreds; you, with your Eastern estates? You told me, did you not, that you were worth ten thousand a year?"

"I told you a lie!" and he dashes his fist upon the little green leather-covered table in savage emphasis. "I told you a shameful lie! The money was my mother's and sister's, and I, miserable fool, was intrusted with their hard-gotten earnings to find them a little place out in the West. " Oh, heaven, help me, help me, help me!"

"My lad." and Roy's voice lowered itself insensibly, "listen to me. There is your money! I return it to you on two true and pure. God help her ! If she conditions, and they are-promise me that you will never taste spirits again, and that you will never stake a penny on anything."

"God bless you, I promise! I'swear!" to Roy. But Roy pretended not to see | eyed maiden to seek the parlors. it, and busies himself with refilling the purse. "Mr. Denzil, if I may be so delight: bold, tell me why you-you-gamble and drink as you have done to-night!" "For pastime, dear fellow; simply

that." "And you can find amusement in it

'Bah! what twaddle have you been learning?"

"You have my promise to stop all; may I not," looking eagerlyinto Denzil's Roy's clothes are dried without her quit, too?"

"How am I so indebted to you that you presume to ask me that?" he asks, nonchalantly knocking the ash from his "You're too enthusiastic, my cigar. dear boyl" Then, with a little laugh. them!"

Em

"Then how can it interest you whether or no I drink?"

turn aside as you will. I was once as you are, and I would keep you away from the path in which I lost my reckoning and stumbled so far into its depth that I cannot turn about. They him in half mock, half serious grasay there is a better path than this. I vity. cannot tell, I have not tried, but I would set your feet that way before they know the devil's highroad-that is all.

There is an unusal stir among the wel'-bred club members. A cold air dozen thimblefuls apiece, blows in upon and scatters the fumes of | the Turkish tobacco in little hazy his throat at one swallow, and refills clouds, and through this Indian sum- his glass. No doubt had the great mer-like mist there comes eight chosen century.

Some of the men shrink perceptibly Others bravo it out under the eight pairs of gentle, loving eyes, while one of those limpid brown orbs, he feels an Roy, how often these dumb creatures man, Roy Denzil, lifts his hat, with unconquerable desire to quarrel with put us to shame! But you are Regan no inborn knightliness and listens with a her. And so he drinks until the bottle longer; I name you 'Crusader.' " Then, listless air to the services going on is all but empty, and his mother still turning to Roy: "How came your deci-about him. sips at her brimming glass. sion to be so suddenly made?"

But the boy at his side kneels down, and leaning above a chair cushion, he presses the little purse to his lips and potent spirit of the long imprisoned weeps great tcars of remorse. And wine taking fast and furious possession have gone away, and Denzil stands, his jorie, who loves him with her whole eyes fixed upon vacancy, his cigar out, | neart and soul, and who sorrows, as the and a little of something long buried warming his heart with a different astray. warmth from that of wine. The youth "Con catches at Roy's hand which hangs per- | said good-night."

owing as little feeling. "Excuse me, he says turning to

leave her presence: "it is not the Marjorie I expected. Good-evening."

wicked a life?" the troubled voice seem- | touch-nothing save empty air. ing full of pain.

"Wicked? Who told you that?" "Everyone knows it, Roy-every one but your mother."

"And she does not?"

"She does not know it. They came

to tell her, but I sent them away.' "Why did you interfere?" he asks. not resentfally, but as if he enjoyed it rather.

"I will tell you why, Royal. Your mother believes in you as she does in morse fall hotly down his pale cheeks. heaven-believes you to be good and lost faith in you-the only one left her in her old age--if she heard of your follies, your gambling, your hard drinking, he would die of shame !"

"I-I will go to her," and he passed holding out a nervous throbbing hand from the presence of the young, blazing His mother meets him with a cry of

"Oh, Royal, my darling son !" "You are well, mother ?"

"As well as I can be without the sun-

shine of your presence," letting her eyes rove from the handsome chestnutcolored waves of silken hair to the round smooth chin, whose dimples in his babyhood where her pride. They talked joyously for full an hour, until at length in Denzil's stables. meditative eyes, "may I not ask you to knowledge, and he is ready to turn his a lantern; Prince is in need of- Reface cityward.

"Not going back to-night, Roy ?" "I am, indeed, lady mother," pul-

ling his tawny mustache uneasily. "Well, then, if you must leave me, ring the bell for me before you go. "Even the ladies can't move me, bless them!" Bring up a bottle of that oldest vin-tage, Uncle Ned," says the lady, as a black face and gray wooly head answered the summons. And, when the "You? Well, you are young; you can | wine is brought, a little figure glides in | hand in his hand and lets him lead her behind the stately old servant.

"Come, Marjorie, darling, drink with ine to Royal's health," "Is he sick?" she asks, gazing up at

The mother laughs a merry, innocent laugh. as she pours the wine into a as this to save you. Oh, Royal, put not large glass until it is brimming full. the love of a mere animal above my For herself and Marjorie she sets out own?"

two dainty little glasses holding half-a-Royal tosses the burning liquid down brown eyes remained in the twilight of

ones-the mortal angels of the present the library, and not come to search his arms are about the neck of her beautivery soul as they are doing now, the ful chestnut mare, and she says softly: wine would have been untasted. But,

as it is, standing under the sunset glow

The eyes and wine together prove too much for his brain, and he feels the Crusader took me to the heights and I when he lifts his head again the women of him. She sees it, too, this little Ma- less mother's voice. angels sorrow, for a creature gone

"Come to me, Royal, after you have

And three feet further on his hand "Stay, Royal! Why do you live so finds no ground beneath its groping

When it comes to Roy's confused senses that the bridge has fallen and that he has been urging his horse to take him to has destruction, the emotions aroused within him outweigh every influence of the wine, and in gratitude, his arms go around the neck of his faithful dumb friend, whose face he kisses in thankfulness; and when he remembers the cruel stripes his hand has cut, great tears of bitterest re-And the tears once getting headway where they have been kept in so long a bondage, come storming from his eyes. Every better emotion is brought into play from hisnearness to death, and his life has so different a meaning from the life of a moment ago !

And here on the lonely brink of a chasm, with the snowflakes falling about him, and the bitter wind cutting him like a knife-for the great coat has been doffed to cover the wounds of the suffering horse-here, in the blackness of the night, his soul's angels of good and bad fight a terrible battle between themselves-and the good angel wins! Back through the long dreary road, side by side, slowly and painfully, the horse and man find their way, and stop

"The bridge was down, John. Bring gan!"

"Yes, sir! She would have it so-Miss Marjorie would! Said as how her beast was safer and-law! he's gone!"

He is gone; like the wind, he flies to the library-she is there still.

"Marjorie, God bless you, darling, come with me-quick!" The gray eyes looking down into hers are perfectly sober; so she lays a wee rose petal of a "The bridge was down, Maraway. jorie; look at your pet's flanks, and see how hard a penalty she bore for daring to save my neck! Poor Regan-your mistress will hate me now!"

"I hate you, Royal? Think you I would not undergo sufferings even such

"Do you mean it little Prim? Thank God! But, my sweet-

John, the groom, having heard this much of their conversation, thinks it a proper moment to go for the bottle of liniment. When he returns, Marjorie's

"What angel inspired you, darling Regan, to be so faithful and brave? Ah,

"Suddenly? It seems years. Your -climbed them." "What is the matter?" calls a breath-

"I am come home for good, mother

-that is all!" And hand in hand, like old-fashion-

ed lovers, they go in from our sight. Custom often overrules reason.

wish I had the punishment of the thieves," and tears of indignation came

into the old hero's eyes as he said it." No other words passed between them. It is impossible, within the limits of Dr. Ralston beckoned two policeman to this article, to give more than a mere him, and the four were soon seated in a outline of General Harney's distinhack, and speeding after the madman guished career. He was commissioned and his unfortunate companion. a second lieutenaut by President Mon-When Grace recovered from the deep roe in 1818, and subsequently captured swoon into which she had fallen, at two of Lafitte's piratical vessels. He first she could not remember where she served on the staff of General Jackson, was, but, as a realization of her terrible who, when President in 1833, made him

situation flashed over her, she raised her paymaster of the army. In August, hands in mute despair and sank in apa-1836, he was made lieutenant coionel of thy upon the cold stone floor. the 2nd dragoons. He fought gallantly through the Mexican war, but early aroused her, and, springing to her feet, incurred the enmity of General Scott, Grace confronted Tubare with a calm, who endeavored to deprive him of his fixed gaze, which caused him to quiver command, but was frustrated by Wiland writhe, as if under the influence of liam L. Marcy, secretary of state. He some superior power. For an instant disobeyed an order once and achieved a they stood thus, then suddenly recovervictory in view of which his impetuosiing himself, Tubare darted forward ty was overlooked.

and cried: Prior to and long after the Mexican war he was actively engaged in fighting own forever !" hostile Indians, in which he won extraordinary distinction. He had command Sinclair ! Howard! help ! help ! help !' of the expedition against Brigham Young in 1858, but learning that Harvaulted chamber and out into the corney intended to hang Young and his ridor beyond, a scuffling sound, as of twelve apostles, he was relieved by the men hurrying down the stone steps, was secretary of war, and General Johnston heard and a voice cried: succeeded him. He was captured by the confederates at Harper's Ferry With a yell of defiance, as of a wild beast brought to bay, Tubare rushed April 25, 1861, and taken on to Richmond, where he was implored by old upon Grace, a Spanish dagger gleamed friends to espouse the "lost cause," in his uplifted hand. One instant he which he stoutly refused to do. His paused, and then-Howard Sinclair skill and gallantry secured him steady sprang into the cell, in time to catch promotion from the time he entered the the fainting Grace, while Dr. Ralston army, and he was retired in May, 1861, and the officers succeeded, after a deswith the full rank of major-general, perate struggle, in securing the maniac.

The general who has two daughters For weeks and months Grace's life and a son, will remain in the city only hung by a thread; but when once more a few days, when he will return to St. the light of reason returned to the Louis. Both of his daughters are marsweet blue eyes, Grace Allison's beauried and living in France. One of them tiful golden hair was as white as the married Count de Noue, of the French driven snow. army, and the other Viscount de Thury, a French gentleman. The son of day for their marriage, and one sunny the general lives in St. Louis. Mrs. morning in June beheld Grace Sinclair St. Cyr, the generals adopted daughter start on her bridal tour. and companion, is a native of Frederick Md., her maiden name being Miss Lizstrong convulsions, and thus freed zie Cromwell. Her husband a French-Grace from the terrible feeling of inseman, died about fifteen years ago, since curity which had clung to her while which time she has been attached to the

Grace Allison was a graceful and coquetish little blonde, whose golden hair and laughing blue eyes had made sad havoc among the hearts of the gentlemen of L----. On the morning of which I write Grace was seated in her cozy of the United States that no one claims. little boudoir, plunged in a dreamy reverle.

truly and devotedly ! Leonard Tubare stroyed; hence the twenty millions of says that Howard cares only for my unclaimed bonds in the treasury. There money. But, pshaw | what a goose 1 | are savings banks in New York which

nary!" So saying, Grace rose and left the room, to dress for her ride with Mr. Tubare. Meanwhile let us glance at Leonard

to the park. Many would have pronounced him a

handsome man, "only this, and nothing seen that strange glittering in his jet- | make a fuss about it.

Seizing the doctor's arm, as in a vise Howard gasped: "She is my betrothed bride!"

The grating of a key in the rusty lock

"Fair Isabella ! Ha ! my wife ! my

"Never!" shrieked Grace. "Howard

As her agonized cry ran through the

"Courage, Gracie ! succor is at hand!

Howard Sinclair petitioned an early

Leonard Tubare soon after died, in

is always bright. Do all you can to stand, and then fear lest you fall, and by the grace of God you are safe.

connive.

weaken it.

What are the best days in memory? Those in which we met a companion who was truly such.

Taking things as they come isn't so very difficult. It's parting with them as they go that's hard.

When the sun of virtue is set, the blush of shame is the twilight. When that dies all is darkness.

Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases our jolts wonderfully.

A virtuous name is the precious only good for which queens and peasants' wives must contest together.

Blessedness consists in the accomplishment of our desires, and in our having only regular desires.

As the fire-fly only shines while on the wing, so it is with the human mind-when at rest it darkens.

We have a thousand reasons wherewith to condemn our neighbor, but not one wherewith to excuse him.

I have seldom known anyone who deserted truth in trifles that could be trusted in matters of importance.

After the sting of folly has made men wise they find it hard to conceive that others can be as foolish as they have been.

Fine feelings, without vigor of reason, are in the situation of the extreme feathers of a peacock's tail-dragging in the mud.

Good nature is the very air of a good mind, the sign of a large and prosperous soul, and the peculiar soil in which virtue prospers.

Human nature is pliable, and perhaps the pleasantest surprises of life are found in discovering the things we can do when forced.

Never be sorry that you gave; it was right for you to give, even if you were imposed upon. You cannot afford to keep on the safe side by being mean.

Every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another, and he is more at ease who takes it up than he who drags

Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless case; many, without labor, would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock.

Conversation should be pleasant without scurrility, witty without afectation, free without indeceney, learned without conceitedness; novel without falsehood.

Beware how you allow words to pass for more than they are worth, and bear in mind what alteration is sometimes produced in their current value by the course of time.

If you are willing to be as pleasant and as anxious to please in your own home as you are in the company of your neighbors, you will have the happiest home in the world.

Friendship without benefaction degenerates into a weak and worthless sentiment; benefaction without the spirit of friendship becomes a mechancal and lifeless routing.

Tubare was alive. Grace is now the happy mother of three bouncing boys; but never will she forget that day of terror when she rode with Leonard Tubare !

Securities and Bonds.

There are, it seems, \$20,000,020 in securities and money in the treasury In times gone by sundry persons have bought government securities which "Howard Sinclair ! Yes; I love him they have lost, or which have been de-

am ! As if Howard could be so merce- have in their vaults large sums that will never be claimed. They belong to poor people who died, or that have moved away, or have forgotten they had ever

posed to be some \$80,000,000 of un-Tubare as he drove up in his elegant carriage, ready to escort Miss Allison panies throughout the country which is

If a man has got any religion worth

any money in the bank. There is suplost to the heirs forever.

more !" But could Grace Allison have having he will do his duty and not

general's family. A Ride With a Maniac.